

pose that ass, Watt, is holding her hand by this time and kissing her. Oh, the devil!

JUNE 27.

EVERYONE is going over to Salem; so I thought I might as well go too. The ruins didn't amount to anything. I supposed there would be something to look at; but it's all deadly monotonous,—just miles and miles of flattened houses out to the ground: no ruins at all. I heard people saying that the Witch House, and the Seven Gables, and Chestnut street where the great houses were, and some other places I didn't catch, were either burned or not burned—I forget which.

On my way back to the inn I ran into June. She certainly is a great big girl—strong as an ox. Her throat rises up from her white dress—she generally wears white—as firm as a marble column, and that bright color of hers goes well with her light hair. She asked me to come in while she ironed some ruffles she was going to wear at a tea over on the Neck this afternoon. Aston-

Michael's while she was gone. He said it was brought over from England and set up here, and that someone's coat of arms was taken out and done something to at the time of the Declaration, and that the bell was rung till it cracked or something—I didn't pay much attention. So we went around. It was just a square box: no architecture at all. He showed me some old silver; but it didn't strike me particularly—looked more like pewter. Paul Revere gave a christening bowl which seemed more like a finger one, only larger. He said there were some old graves in the little graveyard by the side; but it was hot, and I went back to the inn.

JULY 6.

A LETTER from Tom says that Watt is hitting it up more than ever. He is with her all the time now, and if they are not engaged, everyone thinks they are. But why don't they announce it? What are they waiting for? I do hate letters!

JULY 14.

THE rector came across to the inn—he lives on the Neck—and asked me to go over some of the old colonial houses in town. I didn't want to of course; but you have to be polite. Great, drafty halls and staircases seven feet wide, and big rooms, out of all proportion to the narrow streets, and every house at a different angle! Lookouts on the top to watch the ships come in—I believe this part of the country did something in the sailing line once.

I wonder what *she* is doing? I suppose he keeps her supplied with those red roses she likes so much. They go right well with her dusky hair. I used to send them to her all the time. The devil take him! Not that I care at all; but I can't say I admire her taste. Watt is a fool; but women are always taken with a handsome face, and he is the kind that gets them every time.

Next to a round collar there is nothing like a dark face lit up with a pair of blue-gray eyes with long lashes and a smile that they think means them alone.

I suppose *she* thinks that smile never smiled for anyone else! I could tell her; but I won't: I'm not that kind. I play fair, whatever others may do.

JULY 14.

JUNE and the rector are going to be married. They have been engaged all the time. Can you beat it? They are all alike, I guess.

This place is about played out. It is deadly dull, and I'm through with it. I guess I'll run over to New York and see what's doing at the Follies. Not that I care for New York,—dirty, torn up place,—but the sail on those outside boats isn't so bad,—and there's no chance of running across people you don't want to see. I suppose *she* is yachting,—she always is about now,—and of course he is on board. I never liked yachting—too monotonous. I should think people would get tired of one smile all the time.

TRIPLE PLATE, JULY 17.

I LEFT Marblehead this morning, and am going on to New York tonight. It is hot and muggy in town. No one around anyway. Don't know what to do. Guess I'll go across to the library and look up the Prophets. Nice gloomy old fellows—haven't seen them for sometime. Beastly climbing all those stairs, though—and why did they tuck them off in one corner? On the whole, I'll stroll slowly across the Gardens and out Brimmer street—we used to go to vespers that way last winter. Oh, hang it! no—I don't want to do that. I'll take a hansom and cool off.

10 P. M.

I HAD the man leave me at Charles River Park, and was looking over the water when I heard my name. Now how could *she* be there? But she was. She said she had just come from the church and was going to walk home along Beacon street. I asked her if she wouldn't come over to the hotel and have tea with me, and she said she would. We went through the gardens. How fresh everything looks,—lots of flowers and birds and things, and the fountains all playing! The tearoom was dark and cool, and the tea was delicious. We had some pâté sandwiches, with an ice afterward. She was looking awfully well in a thin black gown with a hat she said she trimmed herself. She said she had been enjoying herself very much this last month (confound it! of course she had!), and asked if I had been away—she didn't recall having seen me lately. I said I had been off yachting with a large party, having a bully time. She asked why I had come back to the hot city, and I said I was here only a few hours, having an engagement in New York. We talked for an hour or two, and she said she must be going; that she was staying in town to be near her aunt, who was sick. I asked her if I might come around tomorrow, and she said she would be very glad, but that it would hardly be convenient for me running on from New York. I said I might be able to postpone my engagement—I would call up Long Distance and try. She laughed. I did not like that laugh. I walked home with her, and went in for a few minutes. She did not say a word about Watt all this time—and of course I didn't. It is certainly up to her to tell me of the engagement!

But when I got back to the Triple Plate it came over me what a fool I was—and I made up my mind to know how things stood. Not that I care; but there is no sense in being kept in the dark, especially with such *old* friends. So I called her up. This was the conversation: "Oh, how do you do again? I've just remembered I forgot to ask you how Watt is."

A laugh. "Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes—you might as well tell me first as last."

"Tell you what?"

"Oh, come now—congratulations of course! How is Watt?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, he's well, I hope; but you never can tell—no

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"It is certainly up to her to tell me of the engagement!"

ishing what these Down Easters (she comes from Maine) can do and get away with it!

She put me down on one of her ridiculous porches in a hammock, with a big glass of iced tea, and then brought out a board with a white cloth over it, and hitched an electric iron to the fixture, and got to work. The rector came along,—confound these round collars; they are always butting in!—and she stopped long enough to get another glass of iced tea for him, and then went calmly on. She said she had spent so much money fussing over the house that she had to do lots of things herself, and that if we would like some lobster salad she would ask us to stay to luncheon, because that was easy to make, and lobsters were cheap, and she had a fine one. I should have supposed even a round collar would have sense enough to see that he ought to get out; but he didn't. So we both stayed, and I ate three platefuls.

Before we finished a neighbor came in and said a young girl had fainted up in a tent back of the house, and would June come right over. She just got up and went—didn't apologize at all. The rector said that was the way it was the whole time,—everybody in Marblehead sent for her every time anything was the matter at all. Must be awfully hard on her; for of course she must be bored to death.

He asked if I would not like to walk around to St.

A nasty east wind has sprung up, and the fog is so thick you can't see Mr. and Mrs. Baker at all. Everything is damp, and my coats are about wet through, hanging up in the closet.

I telephoned over to June to ask if I could come around, and she said she was just going over to the Parish House to her Friendly class. It was the rector's afternoon to speak to them. How insane women are over church work! How they can go in for it so I don't see! But there is something about a round collar that gets them every time. Peabody, his name is.

JULY 10.

JUNE tells me that she writes. She says there is such a lot of material here she hardly knows which to take, and she showed me a lot of things she had had published in newspapers and magazines. She says she makes quite a bit this way. I don't see when she has time to do it, with her racing into town and all; but she says she scribbles in the train, and then writes it out on her typewriter in the evening. She just picked up typewriting herself.

She is a suffragette, I find. She says since she has had this house she thinks she ought to be allowed to vote, because she had so much trouble getting anything done, and that if women ran things they would use ordinary commonsense and not red tape.